

What's Up With Kids!

Roselle Public Library Youth Services Summer, 2008



New logo by– **Kaela B.**, age 10

A Book of Scares **Chapter 1** by Nathan H., age 9

“Nathan !” called Marc from the front door.

“What?” I called back.

“Let’s go.”

“Where?”

“To the forest.” Marc said.

“Oh yea.” I said. We’re going to the forest because a guy said that he saw some-one, or something, move in the forest. By the way, I am eight years old and Marc is eight too.

“Come on. Are you talking to your imaginary friend again?” asked Marc.

“For the last time, I do not have an imaginary friend!”

Ding - Dong.

“Marc, don’t try to trick me again.”

“It’s not me.” said Marc.

“Then I’ll get it.” I said.

“It came from the back door.” Marc said.

I ran to see who it was. To my surprise there was a guy dressed in black with a black ski mask. He was holding something silver and shinny. I couldn’t tell what it was.

TO BE CONTINUED

Parakeets

by Katja K., age 10

He came in Spring,
Just a small, green thing.
The noise he can make,
Starts the windows to rattle and shake!
He get’s along,
He sings his song.
He is very sweet;
He’s my Parakeet.



Earth Day- Every Day

As you know, April 22nd was Earth Day. Earth day is a day to celebrate the Earth. We try to do the **3R's**: Reduce, Reuse, Recycle. We should not only do this on Earth Day but every day! Our Earth is getting dirtier and dirtier every day! If humans keep **littering** and wasting, the Earth may consist of **no life** anymore!

First if we recycle more we are not filling up landfills so quickly. If we reduce the amount of things we use or reuse them, we are helping the Earth **TREMENDOUSLY!**



If you don't know what the 3R's are, read this:

Reduce: To use less of something.

Reuse: To use something again.

Recycle: To break something down and make something new out of it.

Things we can recycle:

- Pop cans
- Plastic containers
- Aluminum
- Much more!

Happy Earthday-Everyday!



A Butterfly!



A Butterfly

by Kaela B., age 10

Tip: Whenever you are drawing , make sure you sketch, or lightly draw the picture before going over it. It is easier to erase mistakes that way. That's what I did drawing this picture.



"Eleven" by Patricia Reilly Giff
book review by Katja K., age 10

"Eleven", the book I've recently read, is **great!** This book is about a boy named Sam who turned eleven. When he finds a newspaper in the attic saying Mack isn't his grandfather, he needs someone to read the rest of the newspaper because he can't read well.

He finds a new girl in school named Carol.

Is Mac his grandfather? It's up to Carol and Sam to solve the mystery.



WANTED!

Do you like to read, write stories, tell jokes, write book reviews, movie reviews or draw pictures? Then we are looking for you! Join the "What's Up With Kids, staff. Come to our next meeting and join.

The next "What's Up With Kids!" meetings will be :

Organizational Meeting– Monday, July 28, 6:30 p:m

Article Submission Meeting –Monday, August 25, 6:30 p:m

Messages From Mother – The Final Chapter

by Katerina M, age 11

The man didn't seem to hear. This time Brianna stepped up. In a wobbly voice, she said hesitantly, but a little bit louder, "We're Brianna and Jesse...your kids. Remember? We're Sarah's children. Remember?!" ...*Oh, please let him remember us Lord*, Jesse thought to himself.

"Come inside," the man said gruffly. It took quite awhile to persuade Brianna to go in.

"Look," Jesse said. "It's the only chance we've got." Finally, Brianna went in, but only after a huge gust of freezing Canadian wind blew in and sent her running to the fireplace. The man shut the door with such force, it sent one of his many empty bottles of beer crashing to the floor. Brianna stared at him, as if wanting an explanation.

"I can't close the door softly with these wretched winds blowing about!" he chuckled. "Now that we're all comfy..." he glanced at Jesse, who was sitting on an upside-down wastebasket. "Let's have a little, um... father to um, well, kid talk. You are Jesse. I remember you. You loved basketball."

"Yep. I still do," Jesse interrupted. "I'm on the college varsity team," he boasted, puffing out his chest.

"And, um you're Rihanna?"

"Brianna," she corrected. "I was born after you left. I like softball. I'm on the high school travel team. The other day, I got a grand slam!" Brianna said; smirking at Jesse.

"Hey, um, can we call you, er, Dad?" Jesse asked rather softly.

"Sure. Now, can you please tell me why the heck you came to my door? And, where is Sarah?"

"Our...our mom died in a car accident on her way to the airport two months ago. She was going on a three-month business trip. Earlier that morning, she told us that if we needed anything, we should go to you. She gave us your address and some plane tickets. We... we never thought it would come to this," Brianna said with tears in her eyes. *Boy, is she good at mixing lies with reality. If only this were just improv.* Jesse thought.

"So, do you need a place to stay, or what? It sounds like you have a pretty decent life at home. You don't look like you're starving or anything like that." This time Jesse replied. He sounded very much like an experienced adult presenting a plan.

"No. I had a job back in Hooper. We were staying in an apartment. But, when I was talking to my boss, he mentioned that his brother was writing a will at age 24, because he has a serious and fatal form of cancer. That got me thinking. 'Did Mother write a will?' I thought to myself. If so, where is it? When I got home, Brianna and I searched our attic. We have boxes up there of everything that was in our old house. We couldn't find the will anywhere. So, we decided to put the plane tickets to use. Now that we're here, we're wondering if you might have the will." *Maybe I'm not so bad at mixing the truth with fiction.*

"Sorry, boy, I don't have it." Jesse noticed his father trying to move the ottoman with his foot. Behind it Jesse saw a big, old, boring box that he had previously thought was full of beer. Now he had a different idea. Jesse was pretty sure Brianna had noticed it too, because at that moment – when a split second before, she was silent – Brianna exploded with anger and tears. Her face was red, and she was screaming ever so loudly. Brianna was not unlike a big mama bear whose cub had been taken away.

Continued on next page

"I know the will is here! Mother came to us in a vision saying it was here. I will not lie! I'm sick and tired of trying to hide the truth!" At this point Brianna was sobbing so heavily she made puddles on the floor. "I want my mom back!!!" Jesse and their father did not know what to think. When Brianna began to start swearing, Jesse began crying, too.

All of a sudden, everything became dazzling white. Jesse and Brianna's mother appeared in a golden gown that had a radiance about it that seemed to come from the heavens above. Their mom lifted up her hand, and brought it down upon their father's head. Sparks came from all around the room.

"Fairy dust," their mother explained. "He will forget everything that has happened. Take the will. I love you both."

And in front of Brianna and Jesse lay the will, and two plane tickets back home.



Get in the game, Read!

Have you joined our "Summer Reading 2008" program?

This program is for Roselle Public Library cardholders.

Registration begins June 2 and the program ends July 28.

Register in the Youth Services Department. Be a winner R E A D!